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THE Link



A Weekly Circular Letter linking Queenslanders at Home and at the Front. Phone 839

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Brisbane

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LIST A.

(Written for "The Link" by Oliver North.)

For days Marion examined every book in the house, and found two wherein there had been papers, but Marcus Aurelius had evidently been waiting for a meeting the next night, after which it disappeared, and although she searched, it was never on the shelves again.

The German message had been of "friends" and arms in places, always "see List A," and Ferrar and Marion spent lots of half hours discussing where it might be.

"It's in Koch's office, I guess," said Ferrar, "He's the leader of the traitors here; he talks a lot about the war, but he's never done a thing except to hinder our victory."

"I'll make some excuse, and go there and have a look around," said Marion suddenly. "I've been there before, and he's always awfully nice to me, but then I believed in him."

Ferrar laughed.

"Well, you are not going in now to announce that you don't, and that you really come there to see if you can find List A."

"No—hardly! I suppose I couldn't get into their offices as typiste or something!"

Ferrar laughed. "Well hardly—that's all right in books, but it would hardly do for the young wife of a leading politician to do in real life."

They were having morning tea in the garden, Ferrar lying back in a squatter's chair, looked too thin and ill to have an interest in anything except getting back the strength he had lost on Gallipoli.

Marion watched him, and again the feeling surged over her of disgust that she could ever have been among his enemies, even unknowingly. Her thoughts and Ferrar's rest were interrupted by the sound of the garden gate closing, and she said, quietly—

"Jack' here's Mrs. Koch, now let's show what good actors we are; let's see just what we can find out."

Mrs. Koch, whose husband was a leader among the Antis, came up the path well dressed and self satisfied.

Marion walked across to meet her, and felt she surely must know the dislike and distrust that had become so strong a factor in her life.

Mrs. Koch was effusive.

"We are having a little party down towards Southport, just a little picnic; it will do these menfolk of ours good, right away into the country. Just for Saturday and Sunday. Mr. Koch has discovered a little jewel of a hotel. You will be able to come."

Marion hesitated, and looked at Jack, a look her visitor misunderstood.

"I'm so sorry if I left you out, Mr. Ferrar, but this is just a Darbies and Joans' picnic."

Then before Ferrar could reply she prattled on—

"Some day we must have an outing just for you splendid returned men. My husband would be delighted; he is so anxious to do everything for you."

"Marion hoped her face did not express the sneer she left."

Presently, Mrs. Koch excused herself, she gushed again over Ferrar, and then rolled away in a State motor.

"Do you think she's in the know, Jack?"

Ferrar smiled. "Well, I think she probably is; her people were very ordinary German working people, somehow they have become possessed of means, considerable means. Koch himself seems to have wealth. One cannot help wondering where all the money that crowd have comes from. Other members of Parliament have not got rich at the game."

"I could have smacked her, the way she patronised you, and could not ask you. However, all that makes it easier to do what I am trying to do, and she gave me an inspiration—"

"Well really, she didn't inspire me!"

"Well, she did me. I'm going to trade on their "anything for the dear soldiers" gag, and see if I can't use their own hypocrisy against them."

At mid-day post, Marion's excitement was great, when a packet came, per book post.

She rang up a taxi, and in a few moments was at her cousin's consulting room.

"You must find some way to dodge that seal, and open it, and find what is in it, and let me have it again."

"Phew!" what a lot of ITS."

Ferrar laughed, but he was also excited.

"I can't stay, but get it done. I've tied up a parcel to look like it, and I'm not sure about Mary. She seems to be always just there

LAUNDRENA STARCH

For Boiling Starch Work.

It is much better than any other.

when ever I am looking through books or anything."

Before 5 o'clock Ferrar was at the door, and when he was in the sitting room he carefully took the parcel and returned it to the desk where the mail waited.

Marion picked it up, and looked at it. "Is it done?" she asked, quickly.

Ferrar nodded.

"Any find?"

"No nothing absoltuely, a book of essays, which show nothing except this." He unfolded a paper which might have been a bull's eye. A series of circles, one within the other, and then a Maltese Cross over the whole.

"Go on, tell me!" said Marion imperatively.

Ferrar laughed.

"How wise we are! Well as you will notice there is no printer's or publisher's name, and the essays are just tripe, twaddle, that means nothing—"

"Yes, well—"

"Well, it would take a long time to go through, but if this parcel could be—say, lost in the post."

"Of course! Take it away at once, and go to work."

"They are a clever lot of scoundrels these men who would betray us. What if the parcel is watched, Kelly may have means of knowing it has been delivered."

"He may!" said Marion grimly, "but he hasn't any means of knowing me! I would stay home on Sunday; but I have a feeling that these picnics are not for nothing."

"It may lead us no further," said Ferrar gravely. "It is probably only part of something. There's a small black box in Koch's office. I'd give my other hand to get hold of it for five hours!"

"How did you find out?"

Ferrar hesitated, then as if afraid the garden might hear, he said softly—

"You and I are not the only ones on the job, Kiddie."

Both looked up to see Mary, the demure Irish girl, standing a few feet away. She had come quietly round a group of shrubs, and as well as looks, and a half smile could say it, her looks said, "Caught!"

(To be Continued.)

TOOWONG GIRLS' WAR WORKERS LEAGUE.

At the last meeting of the league, letters were read from the following soldiers, who have received parcels:—Sergeant Garlick, Bandsman G. Knolt, Privates Kelly, J. Johnston, A. Clarke, R. Rees, T. Callinan, and J. Murfin. A donation of 5s was received from Miss Kelly, and also a box of cigarettes (50 packets). The next meeting of the league, which will be on the 30th instant, will not be held in the Council Chambers as usual, but at the house of the president (Mrs. Land).

"OUT OF BOUNDS."

(Written for the "Link" by "Digger.")

I'm a noble Anzac warrior, and I crave a little squeal,

On a matter which concerns me, and on which I strongly feel,

It has got me thinking deeply, and it often me astounds,

Why they use that flaming notice to us swaddies, "Out of Bounds."

When on leave I can't escape it, I have met it in the trains,

I have seen it in the meadows, and I've bumped it in the lanes,

I have spotted it in tramcars, and on various public grounds,

I've stopped at concerts gaping at that sign-board, "Out of Bounds."

Once I had a dainty lady, one of Britain's fairest pets,

And we loved each other madly, like they do in novelettes,

She jerks deftly at the beer pump, at the cosy "Hare and Hound,"

Now she's lost to me forever, for they've marked it "Out of Bounds."

I am keenly fond of bathing, and I love the sighing sea,

Than a dip with some sweet flapper, nothing more appeals to me,

Then a love tale, and some chocolates, 'neath the shade of sandy mounds,

Yes, I've tried to do it often, but she's always "Out of Bounds."

I've been doing Piccadilly, when the day's been wet and cold,

When I found a cheerful parlour where my favourite whisky's sold,

And I've named it with a shiver, drawn my wallet full of pounds,

But they offered cloves and cider for the whisky's "Out of Bounds."

Should a German shell or bullet land me at the golden gate,

Where I'll "Stand at ease" to Peter, while he sums up re my fate,

I'm expecting him to mutter, while the silver trumpet sounds,

"Get across there, Digger, Paradise is "Out of Bounds."

—"Somewhere in France," June, 1918.

"You can generally tell a good time by the size of the Bill."

"No fear you can't, I've just got my doctor's account for my appendicitis operation."

Write your letter on blank page.

FASHION NOTES.

Dear Chaps,—

The trimmings on girls' clothes are sinking further in all the time. You have to look through a blouse now to see what the uniform decorations really are. I really wonder how long it will be before they tatoo themselves in little wreaths of roses and then let you see them through half a dozen different sorts of clothes. It would be an economical way, also they could put their names and addresses and prevent themselves getting lost. It would prevent a lot of stories, too, if a girl was marked "Ethel" among some pansies on her shoulders and arms and chest. She wouldn't be tempted when she's trying to sell you some pillow shams or tickets in a raffle to tell you that she's "Grace."

I've had a lot of trouble lately trying to find out how they do their hair, but I can't quite see. It bulges out over their ears, but if it's their own or an extra piece stuck on, I don't know yet; it never seems to slip off or down, so it's hard to say. It is much higher on top than it used to be, so the hats are getting higher and larger in the crown.

I went for a picnic the other day and there was a chap there who's been a great stayer. He's done the picnic and party and picture act both before Flanders and since, but he never got any further, though two or three of the girls have been ready to give him a hand over the matrimonial hurdle. One of them was his partner at the picnic. When we landed and were helping the girls scramble up out of the boat, I saw that she had a very thin, very high heeled pair of shoes on. I grinned to myself as I saw Tom—(that's the stayers name) scowling at them.

I just imagined tired feet, sprained ankles and all sorts of things.

True enough, the other girls got ahead all the time and Tom and she always brought up the rear.

I guessed it would be the last picnic she'd get Tom at, as I saw him helping her along in the evening. They came last back to the boat, she limping slightly and Tom helping her along. When they got aboard they were both grinning sheepishly and next day we heard they were engaged. She was cleverer than I thought, and I understand those awful heels better than I did before I used to think fashions were accidents, but I'm beginning to wonder.

Yours dinkum,

THE FASHION EXPERT.

The other day I came across a description of the way even innocent people get flustered when detectives get busy. Here is an answer one of them got when they were trying to find out from a youth in the office just what Mr. Jones had been doing. "Mr. Jones at first was always last, but later he began to be earlier, till at last he was first, though before he had always been behind. He soon got late again, though of late he had been sooner, and at last he got behind as before, but I expect he'll be getting earlier sooner or later." Then surely the Tec. must have known all there was to know about Jones.



Dear "Link,"—

I have just been reading a copy of your paper, and it's just fine, but some poor blighter over here (I suppose he's homesick), who signs himself C.R., A.I.F. France, writes a letter, to which I, and all Aussies who have seen it, totally disagree. In "The Link," 4/4/18, this patriot says para. 5: "The pity of it is that many of the men out here will refuse to stay in Australia, after the war." He must be gassed, or shell-shocked, to talk such rot. Why, the only thing that keeps the Aussies cheerful is the thought of home, and in every camp, billet, or hospital where there are "Tommies" near them, they spend hours telling the "Tommies" how "Aussy" is the only place on earth. I have never heard one "Aussie" say that he'd refuse to live in Australia after the war, and the chap in the next bed to mine has just said the right thing. (We're in hospital just now, so excuse crooked writing.) His idea was "Strike me, but she'll do me, right through the piece," and that is the spirit of all Australians. When an "Aussie" is bogged or frozen, and anyone goes near, the first thing he'll say (after a cuss or two) is, "I wish I was in Aussie; away from this forsaken country." So, if you hear again from C.R., ask him if he's an M.P.; they're the only ones who will want to live somewhere else, simply because it won't be healthy for them to live there. So perhaps that explains his feelings, otherwise, well, he's dippy.

Yours,

P.T.,

A.F.C., 3rd Squadron.

A TRIP TO TOWN.

Two old Hayseeds, who had never been to Brisbane before, came down for the Exhibition, when they got to Queen Street they were struck by all the fine looking men in good health and better clothes.

"I say, Bill, is all them blokes slackers?"

"No; they belongs to Ryan's thousands—Home defence first you know! Queensland can't spare them!"

"Ov course, there might be another election before the war's over!"

"Yes, an' then these keeps the pubs open, so there's trade goin' on after the soldiers can't get any more."

"Not only that, then blinkin' women would get Ryan down if all them fine lookin' blokes wasn't here to protect him, and went off and got shot like common men!"

Old James watched the street for sometime, then enquired—

"I say, Bill, what's all this bussel, look at all them blokes goin' like mad in them blitherin' motor cars, is those them that's off to the war?"

"No them's goin' to the races, and then to the stadium."

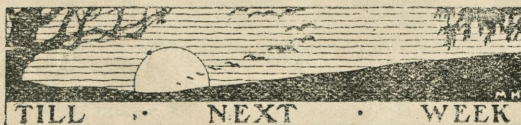
"I say, what's that big shanty with the Red Flag, is it a warnin' that the place is no good?"

"No that's the trater's hall, but it ain't a dinkum flag, there ain't no blue an' white crosses on it."

"Say Bill," queried old James, is this 'ere town run by Germhums or Britishers."

"Home defence push, Home defence!" said Bill promptly.

—F. S. WALKER.



MELBOURNE CHATTER.

(By ANN ZAC.)

Cheer up boys, beat the Boche and get back on the land young man, in this blessed State. 200 soldiers have applied for land which 96 have got. At this rate, statisticians like Mr. Prendergast reckon that in 100 years after the end of the war every man who wants it will have his allotment. That's what we thought.

Auburn State School is erecting an Honour Board at last. Already there is a roll of nearly 400 names, 50 of whom have gone West. Good old Auburn! We guess that will take some beating.

The Red Flag must come down! At last the Federal Government have taken action and have issued a regulation as to how, when, and where any bunting must fly. None too soon, either. That flag was not only a danger signal to thinking men and women, but an insult to every returned man, and to those whose men will not return, having given all for the flag of Empire.

The women are coming along. They have an Automobile Club of their own now, with Mrs. Lambert as secretary. Many of us have had rides provided by this lady, as well as other ladies, of the new club. Among whom are the Misses Anderson, Deans, and Jardine. But clubs are not all. A large deputation waited on Mr. Hall last Tuesday and told him that they didn't want to be out of things any longer; they want the legal profession opened to them to sit on juries, be J.P.'s, and go into Parliament, as well as the Municipal Council. Mr. Hall was willing to let them go anywhere except on juries, but from the seat of the twelve wise men he refused to help take down the sign, "For gentlemen only."

The Shepparton Gift foot race was won by one Hawkins, when Beckwith, who came second claimed the prize money, as Hawkins had run at unregistered meetings. The committee listened to the tale of woe and gave Beckwith the boodle. So Hawkins carried it along to Mr. Justice Hood in the Practice Court. Now His Honour says he will hear the case at an early date. How about them running it off in khaki, anyhow.

Every other man we have met lately in khaki has been red eyed and red nosed, and in that miserable condition, peculiar to warriors who have met and been worsted in an encounter with the enemy "Flu." All sorts of things have been done in the direction of solitary confinement and unkindness to drive out the enemy, but it can report 300 casualties in camp alone. Outside, oh dear, I don't know, but ammoniated quinine and handkerchiefs are cherished possessions. By the way, during four days of a slight attack I had sixteen "sure cures" given me. I didn't take them so I am nearly well.

We hear that under the War Precautions Act, the use of the German language in public places has been forbidden. Well, it is a bad language, and if a man must swear, goodness knows the Australian slang dictionary is extensive enough. Any man who wants more, must be really profane.

We haven't come to meat tickets yet; but they may be along any day. There wasn't even a descendant of Mary's little lamb at

Newmarket last sale day. Only the troops in camp got any; but we hear stories of reinforcements from Queensland, and yet they say it hasn't increased the demand for fish. There have been strange ladies around calling, Fido or Puss, as the case happened to be, feline or canine, but as far as I can hear, just when we had begun to wonder "where is Fido, what is he," the pets usually turned up.

The 58th anniversary of the Burke and Wills expedition took place on Tuesday and the memorial fountain in Sturt street, Ballarat, was decorated with wattle blooms.

The two Victorian banks, the National and the Colonial are betrothed and presently if both shareholders say "I will," will become one.

We hear that £27,679,000 have been spent on baby bonuses and old age pensions in the last nine years. That would be all right if all of it went as intended, but lots of bonuses have bought gold bangles, and lots of pensions have gone—well, not to poor Britishers. Some day we'll wake up and give the worth and not the cash, and be much richer thereby.

Sergeant Ryan, M.L.A. has been given a send-off and will soon be over with you.

I must break a rule about reprinting, and send along what Peter Persnurkus, in the Sydney "Sun" has to say about mates.

The A.I.F. is a very proud army, and the secret of the high individual standard throughout the force is the great comradeship, in which every man knows, whatever happens to him, and in whatever difficulty he finds himself, every "digger" in his unit, from the colonel downwards, will see him through.—Official correspondent.

There are many words that linger in Australian soldiers' hearts;
There are thoughts that each will cherish when to battlefields he starts;
And he loves the land he fights for and the folk he left behind,
And the echoes of the bushland, sometimes calling in his mind,
Bring him back among the gum-trees, in the gullies deep and cool,
Or it may be to a quarry and a rattling two-up school;
But whether he is thinking of the 'Loo or western gates,
He has learned the Army's motto, which is just in one word—

Mates!

He may be a blanky Colonel, or an Aussie plain and brown,
But he's first of all a cobbler, whom his cobbler's won't let down;
He may make the pace a cracker when his London furlough's on,
But he'll share his last half-dollar with a pal whose money's gone;
If he finds another Aussie who has gone up on the rocks,
He will find a way to help him, though he has to sell his socks;
And, when his brigade means business, there is only a thing to do—
To be a mate as a mate will count; and they are his mates—

ARE YOU?

Mazaca Corn Flour

TREBLE REFINED.

NOTHING BETTER.

At home in his Australia, which he's protecting well,
Are men who'd help the Army without the P—that's hel—
And hel, without the double-l, it seems to Peter P.,
Is just where diff'rent classes of Australians ought to be;
Before the blooming alphabet is asked to go on strike,
There's L for Lovely Liars and Lots of Larks they Like;
But, 'ere we shake the Final Dice against the Winning Fates,
There's L for Lads that Love their Land, and all of them are—
Mates!

We saw the men who ventured, the men who dared to roam,
They put the Indian sign across the boys who stayed at home;
And yet we did not venture to raise a single cheer,
For fear that Kaiser Bill would know the boys were leaving here.
"Oh! Glory, Glory, Glory, unto the A.L.P.!" They'd leave me on my blasted own!" said Private Bill, V.C.
Old Bill is just a soldier, from any of the States,
But are the Homeland Caucasus deserters or his—
Mates!

The Repatriation Department of Sydney is to be commended for its column of advertisements for soldiers out of work, but surely they might be expressed differently. Read these:—
ENGINE GREASER, single, previously employed as engine driver.—Martin, 4656.
ENGINEER'S LABOURER, single, rheumatism, previously employed as marine greaser.—MacCallum, 4697.

MODELLER AND PLASTERER, single, gassed, previously employed in similar position.—Nutt, 4713.

What is the previous state to the single one anyhow.

HORSE DRIVER, married; heart trouble, previously employed in similar position.—White, 4719.

WOODWORKING MACHINIST married, rheumatism, previously employed in similar position.—Fraser, 4835.

Which position we wonder.

STOREMEN, married, trench fever, previously employed as storeman.—Green, 4741.

It's bad enough to have trench fever, but the two together, poor beggar, still it's a good idea to give all his complaints.

What flower is represented by a Jackass with one feather in its tail.—A Jonquil.

SYDNEY LETTER.

Dear Boys,—

Those of you who belong to the 4th Battalion will be interested to hear that its funds were recently replenished by a performance of the fascinating opera, "The Cingalee," on Saturday and Monday nights. It was produced and acted by smart Sydney society at the Theatre Royal, the star of the show being pretty Mrs. Roy Buckland, whose husband is killing Germans somewhere over there. She sparkled through the whole piece as Peggy Sabine, and I doubt whether any professional could have done better. Miss Morvan, with her big sleepy brown eyes, made a dainty and lovable "Nanoya," singing "Sloe Eyes," and "My Cinnamon Tree," with great feeling. A bevy of well-known pretty girls made up an exceptionally strong chorus. That Grecian beauty from Woolhara caused some hilarity by trying to hide her nervousness behind a paper parasol, which every new, and then had a disconcerting way of turning inside out. The male stars of the company had all seen active service, and Sandy, of red hair fame, green eyes, and an irresistible grin, bounced through the evening, keenly enjoying himself, especially when chased round the stage by a crowd of joyous females, to the tune of "It's the ladies—the little ladies." The smile did not fade even when he was handed, at the close of the performance, a bunch of onions adorning the top of a placard which bore the inscription, "Terrible good, Sandy." This offered a striking contrast to the fragrant bower of flowers scene, which the stage presented. Everything and everybody was encored, and the midnight hour struck before the theatre was empty. The audience contained a good sprinkling of khaki clad members of the famous battalion, as well as recent ones. One found oneself looking round for Rev. Mr. Rosebud, but nowhere in the vast crowd could that cherry-nosed person be found. Is it true that he really paid that fine of £65 10s 5½d, when found guilty of seditious utterances? Or is he doing three months hard in some yard with very high walls! I think the latter would be more beneficial. He would come out perhaps paler and more chastened in the flesh, but with a mind more highly coloured than ever—in fact, so much so, that one can imagine him producing a book of reminiscences, probably entitled "The Moral Degradation of Prison Life in Australia," or "How to be a Hun," at 6d a copy. Of course, we only surmise these things. I see that Mr. Scully, of I.W.W. fame, missed quite a big reception the other day. Hundreds of curious folk stampeded to Circular Quay to meet the Vancouver boat. Our astute friend, however, showed that he at all events did not come down in the first shower of rain, for he warily sk'pped ashore at Watson's Bay in the pilot boat, thus dis-

appointing that simple-minded mob, who heard the story of Scully's duplicity from the first man who stepped ashore. By the way, he was an undertaker, who forgot the dignity of his profession for the moment, and wreathed his face in smiles at the joke. The papers are full of Scully's evidence in the I.W.W. Commission. He certainly makes a brilliant witness. We find ourselves wondering whether he is making fools of all of us, and the court as well; or whether he is trying to show that the law is entirely corrupt. Next week I will tell you the episode in the F.M.G.'s recent tour of the South-east coast by the sad sea waves.

Bye-bye, ever yours—

SYDNEY.

THE TARINGA GIRLS' CLUB.

At the fortnightly meeting of the Taringa Girls' Club the Entertainment Committee reported that £1 17s. 6d. clear was the result of the recent Coin Evening held in the Alliance Hall. Donations to the club: Mr. A. S. Phillips, £2 2s.; Taringa Rifle Club, £1 1s.; Miss L. Tidswell (Adelaide), 5s.; Mrs. Derbyshire, quantity of calico. The president reported the following donations received for the Christmas Box Fund: H. Dean and Sons, £2; Mr. H. Dean, Senr., £1; Mrs. G. Marchant, 10s.; Miss D. Culpin, £1; Mrs. P. Campbell, Mrs. W. L. Gripp, Miss Hurwood (New Farm), Miss D. O'Neill, Mrs. E. Palmer (Rosewood), "A Friend," and Miss Rita Duncan, each 5s.; Miss Dopson, 12 tins, etc.; Mr. Humphries, 6 tins, etc.; Mrs. J. A. Henley, 2 tins. Filled boxes were returned to the Club by Mesdames W. Spence, Doyle, Muir (2), Glassop, Junr., Gautschy, Palmer, Cooley, Misses Edna Robinson, D. Bell, E. Hurwood, Ruby Shale (2), and D. Hurwood, Taringa Girls' Club (15). The president further reported that 82 boxes had been despatched to headquarters. The Club still have a few boxes in hand. The next meeting will be held on 3rd September, when a full attendance is requested.

"OUR ADVERTISING COLUMNS."

WIDOW, wants washing four days a week.
 FOR SALE, grand piano by lady, about to leave country with turned legs.
 FOR SALE, bulldog, will eat anything, very fond of children.
 ANNUAL SALE now going on, don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here.
 BICYCLE FOR SALE, by young lady with new leather seat.
 WANTED a room for two gentlemen about 30 feet long and 20 feet broad.
 A BOY WANTED who can open oysters with references.
 WANTED AN ORGANIST AND A BOY to blow the same.
 WANTED A BOY to be partly outside and partly behind counter.
 MR. BROWN-FURRIER begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins.

"The woman who hesitates is lost," said the lady lecturer.

"But they never do!" said the small sad man at the back.

THE NEW ZEALAND SOLDIERS' RECEPTION SOCIETY.

Wynyard Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

August 15, 1918.

When I blew in here last Tuesday from New Zealand I found a copy of "The Link" on our soldiers' writing table, and of course I promptly commandeered it, and wrote a letter on the blank page—as directed. What a fine idea it is. I do like the way you contrive to give those little dabs of local colour to the street incidents of Brisbane and Sydney. . . .

Sydney is a dirty, hideous city. That is how it strikes the eye fresh from the bays of South New Zealand. No impertinence intended to the lovely harbour. That is Nature's work, and even Nature would have done well to put a touch of mountain background and added a grandeur—the city only we are concerned with. Dirty and hideous, full of painted, undressed women, and smoking, spitting, drinking, guffawing men. Manners none, beer shops a plenty.

"Win the war!" Let those fools who have gone win the war—if they can! and come back broken and maimed, or not come back at all. For as there is always the whisky, and the racing, and Sinn Feinism. Germany has promised to look after "US." This is what the Sydney eligible shouts—his attitude shouts—to one who comes from a country where no eligible is out of khaki. His mate, the female of the species, the painted, chiffon-clad, high-heeled pavement trotter, with her dingo-covered shoulders. . . . Bah! let us get away from the pack. . . . Perhaps, when the war is over and the boys safe home again, when the shirkers, Sinn Feiners, Bolsheviks and all other dogs of that ilk are consigned to their proper places (at the bottom of the harbour with stones round their necks) we may fling the vitriol out of our ink bottles and take off our yellow spectacles. Till then. . . .

Oh, let us talk of Christmas parcels! This is the closing day, and from far and near they come. Every arm bears its parcel—sometimes a parcel on each arm. Whether the weight—seven pounds' weight of soldiers' goodies, on a girl's arm makes for gracefulness I don't know. Certainly it so appears to me—and as for PRIDE . . .

This morning I saw a girl come out of the Australia with a parcel on each arm, and with that expression on her lovely face which always the bearer of a soldier's parcel wears. Pride and satisfaction, satisfaction and pride. Very carefully she displayed the neatly-lettered address on the calico wrappers (the same address on both). All the world is welcome to see that her boy is at the front. With head erect she walked sedately and gracefully, fondling (as I fancied) the parcel lying on each firm, loving arm. . . . At the Commonwealth Bank corner—I don't know whether the sight of dozens of young men sunning themselves against the building went to her head. I tell you only of what I saw. This sedate, proud young creature turned into a whirl of tempestuous petticoat and literally ran amok! With a sudden shouldering of the Christmas parcels and with eyes a-fire she dashed into the crowd of loafers. It wasn't dashing either, it was too clever a move for that, and might have been taken for mere haste if you hadn't seen the expression in her eyes. Using the parcels as



69963298

AUGUST 28, 1918.

THE GREAT OFFENSIVE HAS BEGUN. ALL MEN WHO CAN FIGHT ARE NEEDED TO UPHOLD AUSTRALIA'S HONOUR. THINK IT OVER. ENLIST!

MEN WHO ARE "OVER THERE" WRITE AND URGE ANY YOU KNOW HERE TO JOIN YOU.

weapons (1) she scattered desolation right and left. With a lunge here, a jab there, a poke in the eye of the shorter ones, she shook these Glory Boys into a bunch of tottering ninepins, emerging smilingly on the other side. "Even the ranks of Tucany" (as represented by a few unjustled ones), "could scarce forbear to cheer," and as for the burly policeman on point duty, I rejoice to record that his attitude was one of shameless partisanship. He not only threw over the whole affair the protection of a broad grin, but, believe you me, so managed to manipulate an ordinary, everyday traffic-arresting gesture that it assumed the proportions of a military salute.

Magnificent! And who dare say it was not WAR? I meant to tell you all about the New Zealand Soldiers' Reception Society, but my letter is too long already. Perhaps you would like to hear about it next week.

Have you heard the new toast? "Here's to England, Scotland, AND ULSTER!"

AKAROA.

THEY KNEW HIS STRIPES WERE NEW, and the squad of old hands were not inclined to take him nearly as seriously as he took himself.

"Squad—shun—from the right, number!"

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine(), ten,—then a universal grin, as three wags gave "Jack, King, Queen."

But "Young Stripes" was equal to the occasion.

"One to ten, dismiss. The blinking Court cards to the guardroom! Left turn, quick march!"

IT SEEMS THESE DAYS MEN ARE ALWAYS BEING SENT TO THE WRONG PLACES.—A parrot catcher at Forbes, has been sleeping on the hard cold ground, he was taken charge of by the police, "pending being sent to a home," he wasn't even given the chance to enlist and yet he required nothing but his clothes, no blankets, ground sheet, or any of those fal-de-lals you fellows have to make your excursion such a luxurious thing (pause here for applause). When John Hop interfered he was peacefully resting in two inches of water, What a time he'd have in a nice wet trench. But no! they send him to a home, and if the poor old chap gets out of bed in the night, and roosts in the asparagus bed, he'll probably be spoken to quite roughly. True, he had reached three score years and ten, and climbed over the

other side a bit, but every rule should have an exception. If any quack failed to pass him, he could say, "Could you do it yourself, Doc." None of the medicos I know could live this simple life without a risk of getting gumboils or whooping cough.

RED TAPE IS A HIGHLY DECORATIVE TRIMMING, but at times one really feels it might be replaced by a little horse sense; at others it could give place to patriotism. A boy from the North obtained the consent of his mother—a widow with three younger children—to join the colours. After two years' service he returned very sick himself, to find his mother dead. The eldest of the three, a boy of seventeen, was able to look after himself. The R.S. went to Rockhampton to see about the other two, a girl of fourteen and a boy of nine. Relations in comfortable circumstances promised to keep them for the time, and he came back again to Brisbane to look for work.

Shortly after his return his aunt wrote that her grown-up family objected to the children, so she had put the little girl with a widow to help her, and the boy in the orphanage. The letter said: "Don was so upset when I took him, and begged, "Auntie write and ask Jim to come and take me out." Of course, there was nothing for Jim to do but go up. But Jim is one of the boys who has been out of work ever since he was turned out of the Institute (one of more than twenty). So he went to the Commissioner of Railways to see if he could get a pass. No; the Commissioner could not do anything, they were not allowed to do anything of the sort for a returned soldier, except through the Repatriation Department. He then went to the Repatriation. "No; they could not give a pass," although he produced the letter. "They could only give one if he was going to a hospital or to work." So between us we got it together in the Industrial Club. More, we have secured good homes for the kiddies. As the institute grows we may have work for "Jim," and help him get a home together, where he can have the children with him. Meanwhile, another Queensland returned soldier who went to New Zealand got a pass over all New Zealand railways during his stay in the Island. The fact that New Zealand is a loyal part of the Empire may have something to do with it. She not only honours her Empire, but those who have served.

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